

ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. 5. NO. 44.

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1907

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SALMAGUNDI

The Wrangell Drug Co.

Mining Location Notices kept in stock for sale at \$2.50 per copy.

Pat Loftus is now chef at the Hotel Mining Room.

Rev. H. P. Corser went to Petersburg on the Humboldt.

Dr. Wm. Hughes is back from an extended trip below.

J. A. Hellenenthal was a passenger for Juneau on the Humboldt.

Dr. Shurick made a business trip to Stikine by the Pacific.

J. H. Wheeler has bought the Cassiar building of B. W. Kibler.

Fred Johnston came back to Wrangell on the Seattle, last Thursday.

Captain Halpern of the Salvation Army, went to Petersburg on the last Cottage City.

Sept. 6. P. Brown of the cannery at Petersburg and John A. Kelly were over Saturday, to attend court.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Clark reached home from Juneau by the City of Seattle Sunday evening.

Darby Choquette and "Little Pet" hunted on Zarembo one day last week and brought in eight deer.

The roof of the Presbyterian manse is receiving a new covering of those Al shingles made by the Wrangell Shingle Company.

Last week work was discontinued for a time, at least, at the Olympic Mines, some of the men coming to town and others going to other sections.

John Finzen came down on the Seattle and stopped off here to catch the Pacific for Salzer, where has some very valuable c. p. or claims.

Mr. Cobb, U. S. Fish Commissioner was a passenger north in the Cottage City on a tour of duty, looking after the interests of the fisheries department. Mr. Cobb informed a reporter that a lot of new legislation for the protection of salmon would be enacted at the coming session of congress.

Never has there been a grander display of northern lights than those visible from this place Tuesday and Wednesday nights of last week. Great variegated streamers flashed up from the horizon to the zenith for several hours each night, making a sight that was beautiful to gaze upon.

Sept. Brown of Petersburg says he is succeeding well with his pack; that he is working for 60,000 cases of salmon, and of this number has up 43,000 cases, being still short 17,000 cases, which he was sure of getting without difficulty.

If you hear something that sounds like a bunch of exploding giant firecrackers and awakens you out of a good sleep, do not become excited. It is just Sam Cunningham's flagship going over to the mouth of the river for salmon.

Chief Geo. Shakes and party, left in the big "canim," about 2 o'clock Saturday last, to go to Telegraph Creek after a cargo of big game hunters and their trophies. They also took some mail and freight for up-river people.

Manager L. P. Hunt was over from Shakan during the week. The Shakan cannery is working this year for 48,000 cases, and when he left home was only about 5,000 cases short of that amount.

Thomas James and F. H. Gray came in Sunday night, from the vicinity of Aaron's Creek, down the back channel, where they had been for several days on a prospecting trip.

Stedman, the boat builder has just completed two models for speed launches that are beauties. They are laminated in red and yellow cedar, the combination being very pretty.

The boys have been having sport during the week, taking smelt with hook and line from the dock at this place. The little fishes bit ravenously, which made the sport quite exciting.

That old worn out and dangerous walk leading across the government reserve, west of the jail, should be either replaced with a new one or closed to the public use. The little children who go that route to school should not be compelled to risk life and limb over such a disgraceful old walk.

Keep your eye on your pocket book! Wednesday of last week, while Albert Oudure was working at the sawmill, some sneak entered his room and "went through" his clothes, taking every cent of coin that he could find but disturbing nothing else. Albert earns every cent which he gets, and losing his season's money in this way is indeed a stroke of hard luck.

George Klagwitz, Chris Fletcher and David Lewis have the proper spirit, and believe in boosting the town. William Fletcher has built a neat little house opposite the residence of Wm. Lewis on Front Street, and as soon as the rustic was on, the boys placed across the front, in conspicuous letters, a sign which read: "Watch Wrangell Grow!"

"Teddy," Marshal Grant's pet deer, escaped from his pasture Tuesday night, was chased into the bay by a dog, and when he emerged from the water was shot and killed by Mr. Gano, who took him for a wild buck. Teddy had been kept by Mr. Grant for four years, and was a familiar object in Wrangell. A doe also escaped.

A recent press dispatch from Seattle states that Sing Lee, the Wrangell Chinese merchant, was to sail for China, a week or so ago, taking with him Sammie, the boy whom, the dispatch says, Sing Lee had bought from the Indian parents. The fact is that Sing Lee did not buy, but adopted, the boy. Sing Lee is not en route for the Orient, but is still in Wrangell.

Deputy Marshal Grant went to Juneau on the Humboldt, taking with him an Indian named Grant, who was given six months by Judge Lane to ponder over the proposition as to whether or not it pays to attempt to traffic in booze and turn slagger because a white man refused to help him out.

Before another week will have rolled around, nine Wrangell youngsters will be on their way to the Indian training school at Chemawa, Oregon. They are Fred, Clarence and Tillie Lewis, Lena Fletcher, Dollie, Tommie and Oscar Case, and Patsy and Mary Loftus, the former four of whom were there during the last school year.

By direction of the council committee on streets, etc., Messrs. E. Leudecke and J. Ronning have been making some much needed repairs to the sidewalks about town.

Mrs. Clark and the family of Johnny Choquette arrived home last week from Bell Island Hot Springs, where Johnny's health was greatly improved.

FLOATING DOCK COMPLETED

At about two o'clock Thursday afternoon the little launch Ethel R. tied up to the new floating dock, thereby opening another page in the history of progress in Wrangell. This much-needed convenience has been completed and turned over to Messrs. Matheson and Grant, to whose progressiveness and public spirit launch owners, and, in fact, owners of all small craft, owe its existence. The dock, itself, is small (12x30 feet) but the inconvenience and the number of hard falls and ruined dresses obviated by it will be great.

This floating dock has been one of the "dreams" of the SENTINEL for a long time past, and it gives us great pleasure to announce to the public that it is now ready for the convenience of all, "without money and without price."

A FINE OPPORTUNITY

Those who are looking around for a good clubbing offer should not overlook this chance. SENTINEL is pleased to offer to its patrons the best magazine of the day, treating upon the important scientific, industrial and political subjects, at a very low rate, for cash. We have just completed arrangements with the publishers of the Technical World Magazine, by which we can offer it in connection with the SENTINEL at the low rate of \$2.50 per year. The price of the magazine, alone, is \$2. The magazine contains sixty pages of well written and instructive matter, and deals with all subjects of popular interest. The above rate is strictly cash in advance.

A BARGAIN FOR CASH

For a quick sale, I will sell my pile driver for \$500, cash. Boiler and engine thoroughly overhauled, new flues, etc. Worth at least \$1,500.

Address J. F. COLLINS, Care W. G. Thomas, Wrangell, Alaska.

A RARE BARGAIN

Any person desiring to buy a launch can do no better than to accept the offer of John Perry to sell the Ethel R. for \$325. The only launch in Southeastern Alaska that is sure of getting back home on her own power. The boat or engine are not one year old. The launch is fully equipped with electrical appliances and a new skill, tending canvas top, all necessary tools, anchor, etc., go with the launch. All for \$325.

ANOTHER CASH SNAP

For \$350, cash, you can have my new 25-foot launch with new 8 h. p. Benton engine. This is the new launch built by Wm. Lloyd, and is the best launch in Alaska for her size.

Address J. F. COLLINS, Care W. G. Thomas, Wrangell, Alaska.

Ernest Campbell, Brigham Grant and Louis Olsen went down to Pat's Creek, last Friday, returning Sunday. And thereby hangs a tale: Brigham is an ardent fisherman, same as the old man; goes fishing every time he gets a chance, same as the old man; fishes altogether with flies, same as the old man; tells about the "big whoppers," same as the old man; is a trifle "sheered o' bar," same as the o'-well, there were no fish biting while the boys were at Pat's Creek, and only two trout were taken by the party. In the meantime, Brigham admitted that they did not fish above the lake, as they only had two rifles, and the bear are quite numerous.

Charley Bryant was up from Santa Ana, during the week, looking and feeling fine. Charley has been watchman at the cannery for the past year or two, and says he likes to know what is going on about town. In order to do this, he takes the SENTINEL and invariably pays in advance. We wish all subscribers were like him. He will have the same position the ensuing year, and we trust that when we see him again, he will be as healthy and good natured as now. Oh, yes! We almost forgot to mention Charley's fine Van Dyke, which will be in full bloom soon. He had it pruned while in town.

Judge Gunnison and wife were north going passengers on the Dolphin, which touched at this port last Friday. Mrs. Gunnison has been visiting relatives in the east while the judge has been holding court at Fairbanks. Court will open at Ketchikan October 14. After that term the judge will convene court at Skagway, returning to Juneau in time for the regular term, which begins on November 25.

A party of Petersburg people were over to town Saturday last to participate in the examination of N. Osaki, a Japanese cannery employee, who was arraigned on a charge of assault with a dangerous weapon upon one Minnie Sinnock, an Indian girl. The evidence, being in Judge Lane's opinion, insufficient to convict the Jap in the district court, he was ordered released.

THE CITY STORE

Donald Sinclair, Proprietor

Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Stoves, Etc.

FRESH FRUITS IN SEASON

Logging, Fishing, Prospecting and Mining Outfits
A SPECIALTY

Everything at Lowest Prices

Just Received a Large Shipment of

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LADIES' AND GENTS' HOSE AND UNDERWEAR

BOOTS AND SHOES

TIN SHOP IN CONNECTION. BEWARE OF FIRE!

RENEW YOUR PIPES AND ROOF PLATES

Hot Blast Stoves and Gasoline Tanks Made to Order

Large Stock of Guns and Ammunition

ALWAYS ON HAND

St. Michael Trading Company

JAGER 4-CYCLE MARINE ENGINES

"Wiahatha," Up-to-Now

"Give me of your body, Fir Tree! Of your red and seasoned lumber! Growing on the rugged mountain, Tall and stately on the mountain, Give me of your wood, O Oak Tree! Of your strong and pliant body! My new launch to make more steady. Make me strong and firm beneath me. Give me of your body, O Cotton! Of your fibrous body, O Cotton! Then I'll get a 'horsing iron' And I'll fill the gaping seams up, That the ocean may not wet me." So the little launch was built in the valley by the river. In the bottom of the forest. "Now I'll have to get a motor. And I want the best that's going. So I'll have to buy a JAGER. Then I'll never have a breakdown And my boat will always get there. Wily spoke my Wiahatha. For he knew some other fellows Who had bought two-cycle engines, Bought them for a dollar a pound, Cause they were a little cheaper. And he'd seen the carburetor Sunk them to the very bottom. Put to work when needed mostly.

Seen them fairly eat the benzine. Making 'misture' much too richly. And the smoking, stinking exhaust. Looked like steam clouds in the sun-shine. He had seen the 'tucky' engines Go to pieces in the tempest. So he bought a six-horse JAGER. Bought it of the agent, Snyder. At the building town of Wrangell in the far-off frozen Northland. Put it in his little boat and Went out cruising in the harbor. And behold, his boat went faster Than all other boats around him. And when he would pass the 'others' He would yell, 'Why are you anchored?' And the other fellows, blushing, Would reply, 'I've had a lemon. Handed to me from an orchard. Only thought to produce peaches. For these 3—two-cycle engines. Are no good'—and straightway went they To the deepest big sea water. (Navigation, not to hinder). Took the worthless dollar-a-pound Engines from their little launches. And they dumped them in the ocean. Sunk them to the very bottom. Then they straightway went to Snyder.

Geo. C. L. who sells the JAGER. And they bought them, honest engines. Though they cost a little higher. They were 'there with bells' for business. Never more in all that section. Were there sent two-cycle engines. And when agents tried to sell them To the natives of that country. He would get a wailing, quickly. In the region of his grub box. In the tender solar plexus. For had they not learned a lesson From those racketeers' contraptions? Had more money out for repairs. Than a JAGER would have cost them? From this story take a moral. 'If you want to own an engine That will run in any weather. So that you may too your neighbor When his motor goes to 'buckin' Go to George Curtis L. Snyder. And get him to send off straightway To the JAGER ENGINE factory. And you'll surely get a motor That will always do the business. And it will not keep you 'busted' Paying money to repair shops. It will cost more but you'll get the Worth of every dollar you spend.

GEORGE C. L. SNYDER
AGENT FOR SOUTHEASTERN ALASKA

The Pacific was several hours later than usual getting in from the West Coast, Tuesday night on account of the thick weather.

NOTICE TO CLAIMANTS

Claimants of tracts, lots or parcels of land within the exterior boundary of Wrangell Townsite are respectfully requested to clear the lines of their respective claims of brush and undergrowth, which may obstruct a view from one corner of a lot to another, and to put stakes at the corners of their claims. Also, if there are any overlapping or conflicting claims, it is suggested that a compromise or settlement be effected before the survey and platting thereof, saving trouble and the expense of a contest case. By so doing the survey will be facilitated and the expense materially reduced.

MARCUS FAYETTE INMAN, Townsite Trustee. Wrangell, Sept. 10, 1907

SOME VERY GOOD SKIN BEAUTIFIERS and TAN ERADICATORS

Almarosa Cream and Almarosa Talcum Powder

These are two new preparations which have been giving excellent satisfaction in the east, and are used extensively. Buy them of

THE BAKER DRUG CO.
Wrangell, Alaska

McNery, Perry and George Snyder caught eighty fine trout out of the creek above Pat's Lake, Sunday.

Sam Guyot went north in the Cottage City, after looking out for Wrangell business for several days.

Messrs. Woodbridge & Lowery, the Ham Island Marble syndicate, have been in town most of the past week.

Mrs. J. E. Worden is the proud possessor of a new Majestic range, sent to her by her mother, Mrs. Turner.

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGLER.....ALASKA.

No matter how small a man's world may be, it is big enough for him.

If we are not mistaken, Mr. Walter Wellman now holds the record for continuous starting for the north pole.

In time the Czar may get into the habit of dissolving dumas before breakfast, as a means of working up an appetite.

In contemplating the coming apple famine it is small consolation to learn that Florida is ready to hand us any quantity of lemons.

"And now," remarks the Kansas City Journal, "it is said the government will investigate the shoe trust. Is this the last?" Yes, this is awl.

Probably it hasn't occurred to the prophet who is going to "endow women with the gift of tongues" that he is several centuries too late.

The Atlantic liner of the future doubtless will have a spacious deck arranged as a golfing ground, with clubhouse and all the conventional belongings.

A contemporary suggests that the band wagons in the 1908 campaign will be automobiles. Some of them will very likely make a finish like a submarine.

A burglar opened an ice dealer's safe the other night and found only 65 cents in it. Possibly the ice man had just bought another ten-story office building for cash that day.

The young women who have resolved not to marry any man who has less than \$4,000 may lower the limit as years roll by. The woman of 28 or 30 is not so exacting in such matter as one of 22.

Mark Twain should not wonder that his English friends seem more impressed by his "Jumping Frog," published forty years ago, than by his later writings. They have just discovered its rare humor.

The Anaconda Standard rises to ask what Aguinaldo is doing nowadays. According to our latest advices he is doing what a good many Americans ought to do: Keeping still and minding his own business.

A New York man recently commanded his wife to choose between him and her dog. She chose the dog, probably feeling that a man who would permit his wife to make a fool of herself over a dog was not worth clinging to.

Mr. Shouts' advice to his daughters as to a life partner who is earnest and has force and determination would be better if it included a suggestion as to the nature of the ends sought by such earnestness, force and determination. There is a lot of misdirected force and determination in America to-day. It keeps the courts busy.

Peace can be secured in more ways than one. The method adopted by the American army in Cuba is worth thinking about. The soldiers, who have had no fighting to do, have been engaged in making a topographical map of the island, upon which the roads and trails are indicated plainly. The object is to give to the War Department in Washington such a knowledge of the country that in the event of another war the guerrillas cannot hide in any mountain fastnesses, the key to which none but Cubans possessed.

News from Europe is that we shall receive more immigrants this year than ever. Forty thousand are said to be now on the seas or at ports awaiting departure. We received in the last two years considerably more than two millions of Europeans, and it is no less than amazing that they have been in some way absorbed in this broad land, and that there is still a greater demand for labor than can be supplied. The most important part of the announcement is that the bulk of the forty thousand on the way are scheduled for the West and for the farming regions, where labor is at a high premium.

There is no question that the quantity of sleep required steadily diminishes from infancy to old age. This is a rather interesting exception to the general rule, as in so many matters, old age returns to the needs of infancy. As regards sleep, old age is more remote in its needs from infancy than is any other period of life. If elderly people obtain good sleep during the first few hours, and if they have not lost that delight in reading which we all had in youth, but which so many of us curiously lose, their case is not to be grieved over. The special value of the earliest hours of sleep, by the way, has been proved by psychological experiment. The popular phrase "heavy sleep" is well warranted. It is the early (the deepest) hours of sleep that make for health and beauty.

To judge by the railroad patronage at the present time, the "see your own country first" movement is meeting with a fair degree of success, despite the attractions of foreign travel, and there is certainly great educational

value in a tour of the United States. Though our cities lack the historic interest that attaches to those of the old world, they present the most striking evidence of a wonderful progress in which the whole country shares. When they are revisited after an interval of ten or even of five years the changes felt not only of a rapid growth but of very substantial gains. This is specially notable in the cities of the West, which have nothing about them to suggest wildness. They abound in costly and handsome residences that would excite admiration anywhere, and have great office buildings and department stores that would do credit to Chicago, New York or the capitals of Europe. The supply of fine business blocks seems, indeed, at first glance to be out of proportion to the needs of the inhabitants, but the building keeps going on to prove that the demand is steadily increasing. It is not in the cities alone, however, that the American learns a lesson from seeing his own country, whether he sees it before or after travelling abroad. If he takes a transcontinental trip he realizes as he can from no other experience the immensity of its resources from farm and field and mine. He is impressed by the enormous extent of fertile land which makes the greatest agricultural empire in the world. He is impressed also by the variety of the products, and through his impressions he comes nearer the truth than he possibly could with the aid of pages of accurate statistics. At the same time he discovers that besides the variety of products there is variety of climate and scenery to suit all people and that nature has done her best to make America a formidable rival to Europe in appeals to the tourist. There are mountains to match against the Alps, and seaside resorts and lakes and rivers of unsurpassed beauty. But the most impressive thing amid all this variety is that unity of the people to which the President referred in a recent speech. The problem of assimilation of which we hear so much when the immigration question is under discussion seems to be solving itself with little difficulty. And if we still make distinctions between a more or less imaginary Boston man and a more or less imaginary cowboy whom we accept as types, the national imprint is stamped deep everywhere, and one feels the sense of close union with the crowds whether one is in Boston or Raleigh, N. C., or Chicago or Denver or San Francisco.

One of Them.

A foreign tourist who had received permission to visit one of the large asylums for the insane in this country was surprised at the neatness, quietude and good order that prevailed within the walls of the institution. He asked if it was always like that, and the polite attendant who was showing him through the buildings said it was.

"We have what we call our violent wards, of course, but I presume you would not care to see those."

"I think not."

"It is just as well, perhaps. They are rather noisy, although, of course, we exercise the same care in providing for the welfare of the inmates that you see in this part of the institution. We also have a section where we keep the incurables."

"These inmates, then, are considered curable."

"Their cases are at least hopeful." "I am greatly interested," said the visitor, "but I will not take up any more of your time. You have other duties to attend to, have you not?"

"Yes, sir. This is merely one of my recreations. In one of the rooms in the main building I am engaged, during most of the time, in pursuing what may be called my life-work."

"Your life-work? May I ask what that is?"

"Haven't you heard?" said the attendant, in a tone of astonishment. "I am compiling an index to Webster's Dictionary."

Shy on Smelts.

"Great Scott! what do you call these, Helen?" asked Dan Foss. He was gazing curiously at an elaborately garbed platter, which held two tiny fish.

"You wanted smelts. I didn't know how big they were; I never heard of smelts in the West. You know I got two mackerel last week, and they made a nice little meal, so I thought two smelts would be enough. Our fish man's been so sarcastic since that day I phoned for a halibut and he explained a halibut was too large for two people—it occasionally weighed 100 pounds. To-day he began to be funny about the two smelts. I got freezingly dignified and hung up the receiver. The boy had gone before I looked at them. I knew right away, Dan, I had made a miserable blunder; only I boiled eggs, you see, to make out a meal."

"All right, little woman," laughed Dan. "They're a nice appetizer. Only, next time order twenty anyway; fifteen's about my limit on smelts!" Success Magazine.

Bolivia Sparingly Populated.

In number of inhabitants to the square mile, Bolivia, the hermit republic, ranks the lowest of all the nations of the world, having at the last census only ninety-nine one-hundredths of a person to every mile, while Tripoli, which comes next in this respect, has one full inhabitant to the mile.

He Was Another.

"He said you was one of the biggest fakes in town; he must have forgotten himself."

"Oh, no, he didn't; he admitted that I was only one of them."—Houston Post.

MY TREASURE.

I have hidden away from the light of day A treasure I sacred hold; And it flashes not with the diamond's ray, And it is not yellow gold; And it is not beryl, nor sapphire rare As blue as the tropic sea— This treasure, guarded with love and care, Is worthless to all but me!

It is not the ghost of a rosebud pale, Or of rose full-blown and red; Nor a violet plucked in some mossy dale, With its fragrant sweetness fled; 'Tis no leaf by a lover's touch made dear; For me it has memories none Of that springtime of joy and hope and fear

When my heart was lost and won. But it brings me the sound of baby feet, And the lip of a silent voice; And the small moist hands that my own hands meet Make my empty heart rejoice.

In the holy calm, when the bright stars shine The deepening azure through, There is kiss of mine, there is tear of mine For my treasure—a baby's shoe.

THE RICH MAN'S ANSWER

"You see," said the blackmailer decidedly, "I have you in my power."

The rich man shifted uneasily in his seat, so that his face was thrown into deeper shadow, but he made no reply.

"Yes," continued the blackmailer, "it just amounts to this. You come here, as if you had never seen the place before, figuring at Robert W. Harrison, the great American millionaire; you buy Irvingstone park, and think you're a county gentleman, and your girl comes over from her Paris school and appears as Miss Harrison, of the park, the great American millionaire's daughter."

"Who says I am not a millionaire?" interposed the rich man. His face was still in the shade.

"Oh, no, Mr.—er—Harrison! No one says you are not that. I took care to make sure of that before I came here."

"Then what do you want?"

"Merely a little share of your property, Bob Wilde."

He who was known at Robert Harrison started violently; for a moment his



"WHAT ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER?"

face came into the bright glare of the reading lamp on his study table, and there was on it a look of unmitigated astonishment.

"You know that," he cried. Then in another voice: "Well, what of it? I took Harrison for business purposes, and it is legally my own now."

"Well," pursued the blackmailer in smooth tones, helping himself from a box of cigars on the table as he spoke, "call it business purposes if you like. For the present, we can drop Bob Wilde, but—drawing his chair nearer and speaking in an impressive whisper—"what about that robbery in the bank at Carberton, on November 15, some thirty years ago?"

"You know that, too? You know—that?" "I know you are the man who absconded with \$300 of the bank funds that night, and that it's not too late now to tell the whole story to the police, or for you to be arrested for it."

"Don't—don't be hard on me," pleaded the rich man, in a faltering voice. "Hard on you?"—with a confident laugh—"I like that. Now, I look upon you as my little bank, and I intend you to help me."

"And if I refuse?" "Then good-bye to Robert Harrison of the park and enter Bob Wilde, the bank thief."

"Have you no mercy?" pleaded Mr. Harrison, pathetically. "Who are you? How did you find all this out? I have never seen you before."

"You'd have seen me dozens of times before if you had kept your eyes open. You see, I work at Williams', Carberton. I've been there a good many years now, slaving away at a miserable two pounds a week; but, naturally, I've always been on the lookout for something better. Well, in the attic at the top of the house there's a lot of old boxes; been there goodness knows how many years. I soon found keys to fit, and after going through a lot of musty old clothes and books, I came on a bundle of ancient letters from old Williams' brother in America. Well, of course, I sat down to read them."

"Of course," murmured the millionaire, faintly.

"In the very first letter I opened I read, 'I do believe I saw Bob Wilde, who robbed the Carberton bank, in the streets here last week.' Further on, in another letter—but here, I needn't tell you how I ferreted it all out; but in the end I made out that Bob Wilde and Robert Harrison are the same person, and you've owned it now."

"Well, if I give you \$500—"

The man burst into a loud, rough laugh, which he instantly smothered.

"Five hundred!" he said, scornfully. "I want five thousand."

"Impossible."

"Oh, is it? Just think it over, Bob, my friend. What about your daughter?"

"Ah!" burst from behind Robert Harrison's hands, in a sudden groan. "Ah! I thought that would rouse you. Here's Miss Molly, you see, engaged to the son of Sir John Brandon. What about that engagement if I go and tell Sir John who Robert Harrison is?"

"Enough!" cried the millionaire. "Enough! I give in. But I can't give you the money now. Come to-morrow night, or stay—I've a dinner party to-morrow—say the night after."

"No, I won't, I'll say to-morrow; it suits me better."

II.

People were always willing to come to one of Robert Harrison's dinners. This evening's party had been no exception to the rule. No one was anxious to shorten the evening, but at last one or two prepared to say good-bye.

"I want to beg you all to stay a little longer," said the host. "I have a little surprise, a—a kind of entertainment. Will you all follow me?"

They all trooped after him to the millionaire's study. Folding doors, covered on the shady side by thick curtains, separated the room from another. These doors had been opened to-night, but the curtains still draped the opening, and opposite so them chairs had been placed.

Smiling rather oddly, the host disappeared into the study, and carefully drew the curtains together behind him.

Then the door into the study from the outside was heard to open, and a man's voice said jauntily, "Well, Bob! Here I am, you see. Now then, where's the tin?"

Was that Robert Harrison's voice that answered in a cringing, wheedling manner, "Certainly, Mr. Gregson—of course—only, won't you reconsider it. Do—do let me off," whined the rich man's voice, and the other took up the strain mockingly. "Let you off? Oh, yes, I'll let you off—when I've done with you. Pay up or take the consequences."

"Is your mind quite made up?" Mr. Harrison seemed to be walking about the room as he said this.

"Quite, you thief, you miserable robber! Pay me my \$5,000, or I'll tell the whole neighborhood that you are the man who robbed the Carberton bank thirty years ago."

"Then tell them now!" rang out in the millionaire's deepest tones as he dashed the curtains back, revealing "all the neighborhood" in various attitudes of astonishment.

The blackmailer stood holding to the back of his chair, the picture of bewildered rage.

"It's just this," panted the blackmailer. "He's a thief! He left Carberton thirty years ago."

"Quite true," said Mr. Harrison smoothly, taking up the tale. "I left Carberton thirty years ago—ran away, in fact. At the same time \$300 of the bank money disappeared. I did not know it at the time; I heard of it more than a year afterward. The fellow clerk who was the thief knew himself to be dying of consumption, and he wrote to me and confessed what he had done and how he had always allowed me to be blamed for the theft. The money had been gambled away almost at once. He told me to show the letter, if I must, after he was dead, but begged me, if I could, to be generous for the sake of the young wife he was leaving. I destroyed the letter and simply adopted the name of Harrison. I had run away simply because I was tired of my life in the bank and longed for wider fields. This is my story. I can ask you to believe it; I cannot prove it."

"But I can!" said a voice from the background.

All turned in astonishment. It was Mrs. Cartwright. Deadly pale, and trembling very much, she stood facing them all. "The thief," she said slowly, "was my first husband, James Trevor!"

"Mrs. Trevor! Is it possible? And I did not recognize you!"

"I did not recognize you, Robert, you have changed so much, or I would not have kept the secret as I have done. It has weighed on my mind all these years; but you had disappeared, and I thought it could not matter. Before James died he wrote out a full confession and signed it before witnesses. If ever Robert is in trouble for want of it you can produce it then; he told me I have kept it ever since. Forgive me—I—"

Every one began shaking hands at this point, except to the general surprise, Sir John Brandon. He stood immovable all this time, with his eyes fixed on the features of Robert Harrison, and an unreadable, somewhat puzzled expression on his own face. Albert Gregson, still holding to the back of a chair, had been almost forgotten, but he had one more card left.

"Sir John!" he cried, in a high, sharp voice. "Sir John Brandon! You don't know who this man is whose daughter your son is going to marry. You don't know, I say! Why, you knew him well as a boy—he's just Bob Wilde, the son of your father's keeper!"

The rich man turned and faced "the proudest man in the county" with a smile that lit up his plain, strong face. "Master John!" he said softly.

"Old Bob!" shouted Sir John, dashing at him and overturning two chairs. "It is! It is! My dear, dear old Bob!"—he was shaking both hands at once now—"to think I never knew you all this time! Oh, Bob! How often I've

wondered about you! The times we had when we were boys!—and you never told your oldest friend! Here, where's that blackmailing scoundrel Gregson? I'm a magistrate. I'll deal with him!"

"Why, he's gone!" said a chorus of voices.

And he had, never to be heard of again.—London Answers.

OTHER COLD SUMMERS.

Snow and Sleet on the Fourth of July Not Uncommon.

The first weather of which I have any recollection was July 4, 1844. There was a great celebration in the middle of the town of Vernon, Vt.—it may have had some political significance, I do not remember. The men drew pine trees and set them in the ground on Meeting House Hill to make the pavilion in which the tables were set for the banquet. There were exercises and an oration in the church, a procession, and the local militia turned out; Major Lee and other Revolutionary War veterans were conspicuous. My father was in the military company with epaulettes of silver fringe and tassels on his shoulders, and my mother, in a white gown with a white parasol with green figures, marched with the procession and sang in the choir. And I remember that the parasol gave way for a Highland shawl, that everybody suffered with cold and that there were snowflakes in the air, if not a regular snowfall; and of Dr. Cyrus Washburne, the marshal of the day, coming to my grandmother, under whose wing I was, for a cup of hot tea, and making one of his facetious remarks about Providence playing into his hands, that he might have plenty of business for the remainder of the summer—and of her rebuking him for his irreverence, as he intended she should, there being always some sort of a lively tilt between the two.

In June, 1852, there was a thunder shower during which there was a fall of snow and sleet that covered the ground to the depth of several inches. I remember how my father's well-kept garden in West Northfield looked with the corn, peas, onions and other early vegetables sticking up through the snow, and that, as we were walking about in the snow, Eastman Belding came driving along and, stopping in neighborly fashion to exchange experiences about the weather, he said: "Had you heard the news that Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, got the nomination for President yesterday? My Republican came just before I left home, and I saw it in that." And my father said: "He will be elected, but he's a nobody; why did they not nominate a somebody while they were about it? There are plenty in the party."

The spring of 1855 was nearly, if not quite, as backward as this. I remember hearing a man remark that pestilence and famine always followed a war, and that the late spring betokened the famine. I also recall that a large garden was plowed and planted that year on July 4, and there was a good crop and a quick one. The vegetables could almost be seen to grow.

One Fourth of July in one of the late sixties, I think, I remember of hot lemonade being served at our home in West Northfield; and a few days later in Belchertown, where I was on a visit, I remember hearing Mrs. D. Thompson say that she had not had her stove taken from her sitting room, and of the fire she had on Independence Day, and that previously throughout the season she had had a fire much of the time.—Springfield Republican.

A Duel Averted.

Signor Carducci, the great Italian poet, who has recently died, came near having a duel one day, according to a writer in Le Cri de Paris. He possessed a fine spirit of contradiction, and had the characteristics of a fighter. Once when traveling in Lombardy he was in a railway compartment with an army officer who did not recognize him. Conversation turned upon the latest literary productions. They spoke of a poem by the author of "Odes Barbares," which has just appeared.

"This Carducci," exclaimed the officer, with enthusiasm, "is a superb genius! The greatest since Dante, the equal of Dante himself."

"Humph!" responded the other. "A genius! That's too much to say. I find him mediocre."

"Mediocre, sir? You don't know anything about it."

"Oh, you are of incapable of judging."

"You!"

"Sir!"

"Sir!"

The officer handed his card to the disputant.

The other smiled. "There's mine."

On it was the name, "Giosue Carducci, professor of the University of Bologna."

The officer, removing his hat, bowed politely, and then both men laughed.

The lawyer and the reformer. The prison reformer met the convicted lawyer in his striped garb.

"And what brought you here, unhappy man?" she asked him.

His old-time cleverness asserted itself.

"An automobile," he blithely replied. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Aggravating.

"Did I tell you the story of the old church bell?"

"No. Let's hear it."

"Sorry, but it can be told only on Sunday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The better acquainted a man is with himself the harder it is to fool him.



"He isn't stingy," declared the young woman, rather indignantly. "I'm sure he's as generous as he can be in most things, but—"

"Oh, I know," said the elder woman. "Your father used to be a great deal the same way."

"Pa!" exclaimed the young woman. "Until he got educated," said the elder woman. "I had to educate William. Arguing isn't any use."

"I know," said the young woman, sadly. "I've tried it."

"And crying isn't any use," said the elder, with some severity.

The young woman blushed and glanced hastily at a mirror that hung on the wall.

"No, your eyes aren't red," said the elderly woman reassuringly, "but you've been crying, and I tell you it won't do and coaxing won't work one time in a dozen."

"Then how?"

"Use your common sense. There are lots of ways. Take him to shop with you the next time you go. That's one pretty good way of making him realize that a woman can't dress on nothing."

The young woman shook her head. "You don't know William as well as I do," she said. "I'd be worse off than ever, and, besides, he wouldn't go."

"Oh, yes, he would," said the elderly woman, confidently. "He will if you manage him properly. You tell some woman friend what exquisite taste he has when he's around and notice how he'll begin to swell up. I never knew the man who didn't believe that he knew more about what was becoming to a woman than she did herself. Then follow that up by asking him to help you select a hat. He'll do it fast enough if you can make him really believe you depend on his judgment."

"But mother!"

"I suppose you think he'll pick out some \$5 horror or something that doesn't suit you at all."

"I'm afraid he would."

"Well, he wouldn't. You begin by wanting him to go to some \$1.98 millinery store and watch him rebel. Look in at the window and comment favorably on one or two of the shapes if you can't do anything else, especially if some other people are standing by looking in. He'll insist on your going to some decent place. Don't take him to Elise, though. Go any place where

there's a fairly good assortment, but not where they take \$50 hats as a matter of course. All you've got to do is to pick out an intelligent saleswoman and insist on something inexpensive. If she brings you anything over \$8, say: 'Oh, dear, no. I can't afford to pay that price!'

"I don't see—"

"Well, you will. You'll see that he'll insist on seeing something better and you'll see that he'll be about as helpless as a babe between you and the saleswoman, and he'll see that the only way he can assert himself is to urge you not to consider expense. Don't tell me he won't. I know 'em. You can have any hat you want and he'll go out of the store under the impression that he selected it. And you don't want to disabuse his mind, either. Tell him that you think the hat is perfectly charming and you are afraid he has been extravagant and the one at \$11 would have done just as well. See if he doesn't tell you that it's economy in the long run to get a good thing, and that you will get more than \$5 worth of satisfaction out of the difference in the price. But don't ever let him convince you."

"Why not?"

"Because it wouldn't do. But don't fall to tell him how your friends raved about the hat and how surprised they seemed when you told them it was his choice, and how they said they would hate to have their husbands pick out a hat for them and how you thought so, too, but didn't say it. And mention casually as the thing goes on to any company you have that you always let William select your hats on account of his exquisite taste, the only drawback being his criminal disregard of price. Same thing applies to gowns or anything else."

"But it would be awful to have to be overlastingly taking him around."

"You won't have to," said the elderly woman. "Don't you worry about that. He'll get tired after the first few times and let you get what you want your self. But you won't hear any more talk about his extravagance. He'll have got his horizon extended. But don't on any account let him lose his own good opinion of his taste."

"It seems a little deceptive," said the young woman, "but I almost believe I'll try it."—Chicago Daily News.

Times

The giants of Tierra del Fuego, the Ona Indians, are stunted in intellect.

The transparent glass ruler, an innovation, is of great assistance to draftsmen in their work.

Lucknow, India, boasts the largest room in the world without columns. It is built of concrete.

New York city pays \$75 a year for the rats and mice that the reptiles of Bronx Zoological Park eat.

At Fushima, Japan, there is a gold-lined well, affording abundant water supply to a garrisoned castle.

Engineers say Victoria Falls could supply enough power for all the needs of Rhodesia and the Transvaal.

An equal division of the water used daily in New York city gives each inhabitant forty-nine times his own weight.

The Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, Mr. Rockefeller's church, in New York, is not nearly large enough to hold the people who desire to hear the new English pastor, the Rev. Dr. C. F. Aked.

According to the coroner's records, asphyxiation is the favorite mode of suicide in New York city, there being an average of one suicide each three days, while there is about one in four days from shooting.

Officials of the New York custom house promise the highest annual record of receipts for the current fiscal year that has ever been known at this port. The figures will be little under \$800,000 for each business day.

Don Carlos, King of Portugal, is said to be genial, sunny-tempered, kind-hearted and generous. He is a man of exceedingly broad-minded and liberal ideas on the subjects of government and of religion and is happy in his home life.

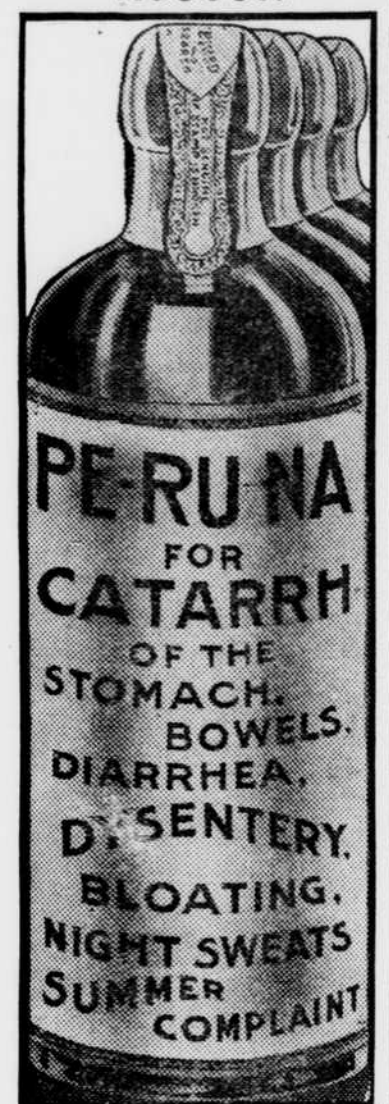
One of the latest novelties in dress material is reported to be a cloth made from spun glass, and it can be had in white, green, lilac, pink and yellow. The inventor of the fabric is an Austrian and he declares that it is as bright and as supple as silk and is none the worse for being either stained or soiled.

The Russians manufacture a fabric from the fiber of a filamentous stone from the Siberian mines which is said to be of so durable a nature that it is practically everlasting. The material is soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, and has only to be thrown into a fire when dirty to be made absolutely clean.

The revision of the valuations in the controller's office in New York city, which has been going on for more than

a year, is concluded, and it proves that the city owns \$520,000,000 worth of real estate. Adding 20 per cent makes the real or market valuation \$626,000,000. The bonded debt is less than \$500,000,000. This real estate is behind the debt, of course, and the city's borrowing capacity covers 10 per cent levy on the assessed valuation of all the real estate in the city.—Springfield Republican.

HEALTH NOTES FOR AUGUST.



PE-RU-NA
FOR
CATARRH
OF THE
STOMACH,
BOWELS,
DIARRHEA,
DYSENTERY,
BLOATING,
NIGHT SWEATS
SUMMER COMPLAINT

August is the month of internal catarrh. The mucous membranes, especially of the bowels, are very liable to congestion, causing summer complaint, and catarrh of the bowels and other internal organs. Pe-Ru-na is an excellent remedy for all these conditions.

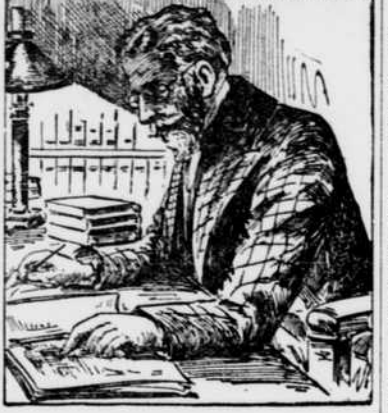
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DOORS, BUILDERS
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Write for catalogue
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SEATTLE

DE KOVEN HALL
A select boarding school
for boys. Located on the
prairie, eight miles south
of Tacoma, on Lake Steila-
coom. Pure water whole-
some food and outdoor ex-
ercise. Modern buildings.
Instruction thorough and
personal. Prepares for col-
lege or business life.
Fall term begins Sept. 12, '07.
For particulars and full in-
formation, address D. S. Pufford,
Principal, South Tacoma, Wash.,
R. F. D.

COFFEE
TEA SPICES
BAKING POWDER
EXTRACTS
JUST RIGHT
CLOSET & DRESSERS
PORTLAND CEMENT
IN NO HURRY.
An old citizen who had been hen-
pecked all his life was about to die.
His wife felt it her duty to offer him
such consolation as she might and
said:
"John, you are about to go, but I
will follow you."
"I suppose so, Manda," said the old
man weakly, "but so far as I am con-
cerned you don't need to be in any
blamed hurry about it!"

When the Hair Falls
Then it's time to act! No time
to study, to read, to experi-
ment! You want to save your
hair, and save it quickly, too!
So make up your mind this
very minute that if your hair
ever comes out you will use
Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes
the scalp healthy. The hair
stays in. It cannot do any-
thing else. It's nature's way.
The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."
Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
SARSAPARILLA
PILLS
CHERRY PECTORAL

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1493—French defeated the Italians at Fornovo.
 - 1540—De Soto entered Alabama territory.
 - 1630—Fifteen hundred colonists arrived at Boston Bay.
 - 1644—Prince Rupert defeated at Mars-ton Moor.
 - 1645—Montrose defeated the Covenanters at Alford.
 - 1758—Lord Howe killed in ambush near Ticonderoga. British embarked on expedition against Ticonderoga and Crown Point.
 - 1775—Gen. Washington assumed command of the Continental army at Cambridge.
 - 1776—Continental Congress adopted resolution of independence.
 - 1777—Americans abandoned Fort Ticonderoga.
 - 1779—New Haven captured by American force under Gov. Tryon of New York.
 - 1785—Congress established the standard of the American dollar.
 - 1812—Captain David Porter, U. S. N., sailed on an expedition against the British.
 - 1814—British surrendered Fort Erie. Americans victorious over British at battle of Chippewa.
 - 1830—French took possession of Algiers.
 - 1832—United States Congress passed a bill to recharter the national bank.
 - 1833—Reaping machines first publicly exhibited in Hamilton county, N. Y.
 - 1837—Grand Junction railway from Liverpool to Birmingham opened.
 - 1839—First normal school in America opened at Lexington, Mass.
 - 1842—Attempted assassination of Queen Victoria by an insane youth named Bean.
 - 1845—President requested to send an army for the protection of Texas.
 - 1846—Boston and Buffalo connected by telegraph.
 - 1850—House of Representatives voted for the admission of Kansas with a free soil constitution.
 - 1864—Sherman's troops occupied Kene-saw mountain. Congress chartered the Northern Pacific Railway Company.
 - 1868—Democrats nominated Horatio Seymour for President.
 - 1881—President Garfield assassinated at Washington by Charles Guiteau.
 - 1890—House of Representatives passed the Lodge Force bill.
 - 1901—City Treasurer Barsley of Phila-delphia sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. Nineteen persons killed by collision of trains at Ravenna, Ohio.
 - 1893—Prince of Wales married to the Princess Victoria of Teck. Lieut. Peary's expedition left New York for the Arctic regions.
 - 1897—Strike of coal miners in Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia.
 - 1898—Chicago daily newspapers suspended publication on account of stereo-typers' strike. Spanish fleet de-stroyed off Santiago.
 - 1900—Democratic national convention at Kansas City nominated Bryan and Stevenson.
 - 1901—Cornell won the intercollegiate boat race at Poughkeepsie.
 - 1903—Cuba ceded two naval stations to the United States.
 - 1904—People's party national convention at Springfield, Ill., nominated Thom-as E. Watson of Georgia for Presi-dent.
 - 1905—Elihu Root appointed Secretary of State.
- Political Notes.**
Senator Allison of Iowa has made known his purpose to ask for another term, and his friends are busy denying the rumors that he is incapacitated by age and failing health.
In a recent interview Mr. Bryan was asked what is the most important principle to be applied at present in American politics. His reply was a quotation of the Jefferson maxim: "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none."
The New York Legislature adjourned without having passed either the reap-portionment or direct nomination bills, which the Governor in special messages had demanded in the name of the people, and a call for an extra session was anticipated.
Secretary Taft gave the commencement address at the University of Minnesota. His subject was "The College Graduate as a Political Asset of the State and Nation." He not only advised the stu-dents to get into practical politics, but he even showed them some of the vari-ous ways in which a political slate could be smashed.
W. J. Bryan told the Oklahoma Demo-cratic convention at Oklahoma City, that the new State constitution, in his opinion, was the best of any State in the Union, "and better than the constitution of the United States." He went on to "compliment the cornfield lawyers of Oklahoma upon having put all the holes shot into the constitutions of other States by trust and constitution lawyers." He suggested as their campaign motto, "Let the people rule," and added that it should also be the keynote of the national campaign.

Popular Science

For removing rust from polished steel, an effective mixture is made by taking 10 parts of tin putty, 8 parts of prepared buckhorn and 250 parts spirits of wine. These ingredients are mixed to a soft paste and rubbed in on the surface until the rust disappears.
Practically all the California and Texas fuel oils contain more or less water, sand, asbestos, fiber and marsh gas, says the Paint, Oil and Drug Re-view. Some grades of oil flow freely, while others are more viscous, even though they have a lower specific grav-ity.
The inferior Bohemian graphite, which is too impure or compact for use in pencils, is ground fine and freed from sulphides and other heavy min-erals. The refined material does not contain more than 50 or 60 per cent of graphite, and is used in the manu-facture of inferior crucibles and for stove polish.
According to the English Mechanic, articles of brass or copper boiled in a solution of stannate of potassium mixed with turnings or scraps of tin in a few moments become covered with a firmly attached layer of fine tin. A similar effect is produced by boiling the articles with tin turnings or scraps and caustic alkali or cream of tartar.
The number of carriages and vehi-cles of every description crowding the streets of Paris augments continually, and the danger, not only to pedestri-ans, but to the carriages themselves, has become so great that an engineer, Monsieur Henard, proposes the estab-lishment, at the most dangerous cross-ings, of a circular "island of refuge" in the center, and the regulation of all traffic in such a manner that every ve-hicle traversing the crossing-point, no matter what its ultimate direction may be, shall pass round the central plateau in the same direction. Thus the dan-ger of collision and the peril to foot-passengers would be reduced to a mini-mum. The cut illustrates the opera-tion of this proposed whirlpool of traf-fic.
The interest of astronomers in the strange red spot, about 30,000 miles in length, which has been visible on the surface of the planet Jupiter since 1878, is intensified by the recent obser-vations of Mr. W. F. Denning, and others, on a remarkable change in its rate of motion. In a period of about three months last year it was dis-placed some 16 degrees of longitude from the position calculated as the basis of its former motion. This is the greatest change that has ever been ob-served in its rate of motion. On Ju-piter the visible surface of the planet does not revolve, like the surface of the earth, everywhere with the same angular velocity, but, in general, the parts nearest the equator move with the greatest rapidity. Thus the huge planet resembles a rotating ball of con-stantly changing clouds, and in the midst of these great red spots seems to float.
Uncle Job's Lesson.
"Yas sub," began Uncle Job, survey-ing his hearers with an expression of virtuous sadness, "yas, sub, I sholy gib dat trifling Ab'aham a lesson he neveh fogot!" Then, seeing an inquiring look in the eyes of some of his hearers, and hearing a question from the lips of one of them, he decided to go more into de-tails about the nature of the lesson he had imparted.
"W'at'd I do tuh him? I's gwine tuh tell you-alls. Ab'aham fair drawed de lightning on hisself w'en he hed de 'dactly tuh 'vite me tuh he house tuh eat eh tuhkey dinner.
"Tuhkey," repeated Uncle Job, after a telling pause, "w'en dat liverous rascal neveh raised any tuhkey in he life 'ceptt off some w'ite man's roost."
"Hit sho was er fine tuhkey, but I showed dat Ab'aham dat stolen goods profiteth little. Dat tuhkey was er big gobble, an' dere was nobody but me an' Ab'aham dere; an' I seasoned dat bird wif admonitions tuh be good an' wahn-ings f'om de wrath to come."
"Hit sholy would hev tasted good of hit hed'n't ben stole. But de sauce o'b a deed well did an' a sinneh rebuked al-mos' made hit relish, an'" concluded Uncle Job, with pious satisfaction, "though hit was er hahd pull, I's bound to say I held out to de end an' finished dat tuhkey, spite ob Ab'aham hints dat he spected hit tuh las' him er week."
Some Long Words.
The comic papers frequently poke fun at the long words of the German language, yet the English language can furnish some pretty long words, too. Here are some of the longest English words: Subconstititutionalist, incompre-hensibility, bonorificillitidinty (it will be noticed that this word contains seven 'i's), anthropophagarian, dis-proportionableness, relopipedestrianist-ical, transubstantiationableness, proan-titransubstantiationistical. This last word is no doubt the longest in the En-glish language; it contains thirty-three letters.
A Delicate Hint.
"They say Miss Sharpe can convey a hint with such tact that it is impos-sible to take offense."
"Yes, she has quite a gift that way. The last time Mr. Staylate called there she asked him to have some slight re-freshment and then brought in a plate of breakfast food."—Baltimore Ameri-can.
When a widower has waited as long as two years before marrying again, he is very proud of the fact.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.
CHRISTIANITY is not in ethics, but in faith. When the Son of man cometh will He find faith on the earth?
An optimist is one who keeps alive the joy de-rived from com-mon things.
The trouble with many uplifters is that they love their notions more than the people.
Faith is often as little effective for righteousness as unbelief, because it lacks grip.
Religion may become an escape from duty, rather than its inspiration and fulfillment.
There is something wrong with the man who can be satisfied while the sa-loon remains.
Jesus was at His best in heart-to-heart ministrations; multitudes always thronged Him.
"It abideth alone" explains away some lives. They have never learned the law of service.
There are two sides to the saloon question—the side that wants to put down the saloon, and the side that wants to put down what is in the sa-loon.
HOLLAND THE HOME OF CHEESE.
Women Assist at Hoorn in Unload-ing and Reloading.
Early in the morning the quiet street is awakened by the quick, hard trot of heavy horses, the rattle of many wa-gons, and when we reach the square on which the weighhouse fronts there are already long rows of cheeses neatly laid in readiness for the market and others being rapidly unloaded from those heavy wagons which had broken our slumbers. Down every street which leads to the market they are still coming, these high, strong, well-built, well-kept wagons, drawn by big, heavy-trotting, well-groomed horses, driven by the cheesemaking Boer and loaded with wife, a blue-eyed child or two and many round, yellow cheeses, says a writer in Scribner.
Swiftly they take up their positions on the square, the horse is quickly un-furnished and led to a nearby stable, the wife clambers down and hurries off on shopping intent, while the chil-dren trot along after her or feast their eyes in nearby shop windows. Some one has already climbed into the wa-gon, another helper stands close beside it, a third kneels upon canvas stretch-ed on the stone pavement.
Women, as well as men, assist here at Hoorn in the unloading and reload-ing, the piling of the cheeses, the pre-paration for the market and the after cleaning. The work goes forward with astonishing rapidity and dexterity. The golden yellow balls fly from hand to hand, sometimes across a considerable distance. Looking over the market the air seems full of them, a peaceful bat-tle of yellow cannon balls in which there are no wounded. Never a cheese falls to the ground, though they are fairly heavy and very slippery. The experts show their skill by receiving and tossing two at a time. The wagon unloaded, it is drawn away into a side street or convenient stable shed and another takes its place. After each farmer's load is arranged it is care-fully covered with a layer of straw and a heavy white tarpaulin, a pro-tection from sun or possible showers—just seems an unknown quantity in cleanly, watery Holland.
Much care, apparently, is exercised in placing the cheeses, in selecting those for the corners and outer rows, and setting them carefully so their soft roundness shall not suffer, but all this work is done by the regular help-ers.
Leading Question.
The younger teachers of the Lincoln school are telling with glee a great joke on Miss Blank, one of the oldest and most capable instructors in the pri-mary grades of our schools.
It was Harold's first day at school. Miss Blank came down to his desk and said, "What is your name?"
"Harold Smith," the bright young-ster replied.
"And how old are you?" went on Miss Blank in her methodical way.
"Six," said Harold. "How old are you?"
And the young teachers are laughing still.—Pittsburg Press.
Use for Old Pennies.
Four hundred pounds of obsolete German pennies of about the same pro-portion of copper and tin as used in high conductivity electrical castings, have, it is said, recently been purchas-ed at 21 cents a pound by United States manufacturers, being cheaper now than electrolytic copper.
Foretells Coming of Frost.
A French invention, consisting of bulb thermometers, predicts at sun-down whether there will be a frost.
The man who accepts a situation usually gets less out of it than the man who takes a job.

Pineapples and Strawberries.
To each medium-sized pineapple take one teaspoonful of granulated sugar. Pare and core the pineapple, cut in slices or in squares. Mix some sugar with the pineapple, adding enough water to melt the sugar. Roll briskly for fifteen minutes. Then fill the can almost full of fruit. Then pour on melted paraffin. Use new tops and rubbers, if possible. When the can has cooled sufficiently, dip the top of each can in melted paraffin.
Wash and stem the strawberries. To each quart of berries allow one quart of granulated sugar. Roll briskly for fifteen minutes. Then almost fill the can with the berries, pouring on top melted paraffin. Scald. When cool dip each top in melted paraffin. Strawber-ries canned in this way are delicious and will keep their color.
FITS. St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, send for FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and treatise. Dr. R.H. Kline, L.D., 981 Arch St., Phila. Pa.
The old palace at Santa Fe has been ceded by the territorial legislature of New Mexico to the national govern-ment, to be declared by the President a national monument. This palace has been occupied for two and a half cen-turies by Spanish, Mexican and Ameri-can governors. It contains many his-torical relics and specimens of Span-ish art. Here General Lew Wallace wrote "Ben Hur" while he was terri-torial governor.
Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.
Patented.
The agent stepped briskly up to Mr. Howard's desk and laid a small article down close to his busy right hand.
"I have here a new letter-opener," he said, "a handsome article, to be put on the table in your library, and—"
"I have the best letter-opener and the quickest," interrupted Mr. Howard without turning his head.
"How long have you had it?" per-sisted the agent. "You know there are constant improvements."
"There's no need for improving mine," responded the writer. "I've had her about two years—anniversary comes next month."

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WE ARE INDEPENDENT CASH REG-ISTER DEALERS, BEATING THE TRUST.
We handle all popular makes of cash registers, both NEW and SECOND-HAND at about ONE-HALF the mon-opoly company's PRICES.
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The TRUST sets aside HALF THE PRICE of the registers to pay the ex-penses of the agency and commissions to sales agents.
WE DO NOT.
The TRUST, at INFLATED PRICES, sells on the installment plan.
WE DO NOT.
The TRUST must keep up an EX-PENSIVE ORGANIZATION for the pur-pose of freezing out competition.
WE DO NOT.
For we have no competition selling cheaper than we do.
WE SELL AT THE TRUE, NOT AT AN INFLATED PRICE.
WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.
If you do not care to THROW your money away to help fatten the TRUST, you will do well before purchasing else-where, to call at our store and SEE; or if you cannot do that, to WRITE to us stating your requirements.
We may take it for granted that we will give more time to the study of your wants and try to give you better sat-isfaction in order to secure recom-mendation, than would the TRUST, which boasts of its monopoly which it does not enjoy, studies nobody—but its own pocket.
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Independent Cash Register Dealers
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RHEUMATISM CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY

It is perfectly natural to rub the spot that hurts, and when the muscles, nerves, joints and bones are throbbing and twitching with the pains of Rheumatism the sufferer is apt to turn to the liniment bottle, or some other external application, in an effort to get relief from the disease, by producing counter-irritation on the flesh. Such treatment will quiet the pain tempo-rarily, but can have no direct curative effect on the real disease because it does not reach the blood, where the cause is located. Rheumatism is more than skin deep—it is rooted and grounded in the blood and can only be reached by constitutional treatment—IT CANNOT BE RUBBED AWAY. Rheumatism is due to an excess of uric acid in the blood, brought about by the accumulation in the system of refuse matter which the natural avenues of bodily waste, the Bowels and Kidneys, have failed to carry off. This refuse matter, coming in contact with the different acids of the body, forms uric acid which is absorbed into the blood and distributed to all parts of the body, and Rheumatism gets possession of the system. The aches and pains are only symptoms, and though they may be scattered or relieved for a time by surface treatment, they will reappear at the first exposure to cold or dampness, or after an attack of indigestion or other irregularity. Rheu-matism can never be permanently cured while the circulation remains saturated with irritating, pain-producing uric acid poison. The disease will shift from muscle to muscle or joint to joint, settling on the nerves, causing inflammation and swelling and such terrible pains that the nervous system is often shattered, the health undermined, and perhaps the patient becomes deformed and crippled for life. S. S. S. thoroughly cleanses the blood and renovates the circulation by neutralizing the acids and expelling all foreign matter from the system. It warms and invigorates the blood so that instead of a weak, sour stream, constantly deposit-ing acid and corrosive matter in the mus-cles, nerves, joints and bones, the body is fed and nourished by rich, health-sustaining blood which completely and permanently cures Rheumatism. S. S. S. is composed of both purifying and tonic properties—just what is needed in every case of Rheu-matism. It contains no potash, alkali or other mineral ingredient, but is made entirely of purifying, healing extracts and juices of roots, herbs and barks. If you are suffering from Rheumatism do not waste valuable time trying to rub a blood disease away, but begin the use of S. S. S. and write us about your case and our physicians will give you any information or advice desired free of charge and will send our special treatise on Rheumatism, THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

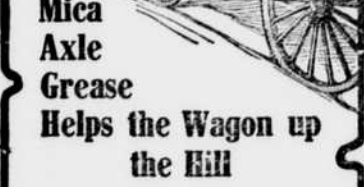
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It is an interesting question whether there may be any relation between broken Monte Carlo banks, broken marriage contracts and broken steel rails.
\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, setting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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Cream well together one-quarter of a cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar, add a pinch of salt and one egg and beat again; add one cupful of flour, one cup of walnut meats which have been put through the food chop-per or pounded until fine, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder and a little milk, if necessary, to make a drop batter. Drop by spoonfuls on greased pans and bake in a moderate oven.

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The load seems lighter—Wagon and team wear longer—You make more money, and have more time to make money, when wheels are greased with
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"Jimmy proposed to me to-day."
"Why, he proposed to me last night!"
"Yes, he told me he'd been rehear-sing it so that he'd be sure to do it nicely."—Cleveland Leader.
Grant's Tremendous Plurality.
The largest plurality on the popu-lar vote for a Presidential candidate was in 1872, when President Grant, running for re-election, had 700,000. For his first term he had 305,000.
Many a man thinks he's putting up a strong argument when in reality he is only making a loud noise.
For the Kitchen.
Among the business office fittings are oak boxes with index cards and a hun-dred file cards, which cost 90 cents. They are the best household filing ar-rangements to be had. Many women use them for receipts, because the card wanted can be removed and taken to the kitchen without carrying the entire book along. When new receipts are to be inserted new cards are put into their right places.
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S. N. U. No. 33—1907
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THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1907.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
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GEORGE C. L. SNYDER
MANAGER

Entered November 20, 1902, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

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This office is equipped for all classes of commercial job printing, and reasonable prices will be furnished upon application.

THE DOGMA OF STATES' RIGHTS

State legislatures and state executives have been found generally ineffectual in handling matters involving several of all the states, especially if the matter is one of finance and of large money interests seeking favor of government authority for enriching themselves at the expense of the people of the people through the medium of public utilities. Where there is a financial advantage to be gained by a state or its people, from indulgent laws, concerning the forming and taxing of corporations, some state is always to be found which will extend the favors regardless of efforts of other states to properly control capitalization and exploitation of corporations.

The states have demonstrated their inability to deal with questions of corporations and railroad regulation, tuberculosis of humans and beasts, divorce, food and drug adulterations, uncleanness and abuse, yellow fever, irrigation, fuel supply, child labor, and many other evils which have to be dealt with by government authority, exercised over wide sections or the whole of the United States.

When the federal government in accordance with the policy of President Roosevelt undertook successfully to regulate railroads and corporations conducting interstate business, the corporations claimed that the question was not one for the federal government, but one for the several states. For authority the railroads and corporations turned to the constitution of the United States and all they could find was the shibboleth of secession, state rights. The congress, the executive, the courts and the people—all are of the opinion that the federal government may regulate the matters under consideration, and it will be done.

NO PARCELS POST WANTED

The announcement that there will be presented at the next session of congress a bill for the establishment of parcels post in connection with the postoffice department, will be sufficient to arouse the active opposition of the business interests in every small city or town of the country. The menace to the welfare of the small town or city embodied in the theory of a parcels post is so plain that it needs no argument. The effect would be to so entrench the mail order houses that they would be brought into almost direct competition with merchants in the smaller cities and towns so as to endanger the continued business success of every such community in the country, operating to build up a few larger cities at the expense of the country generally. The tendency toward centralization could have no more disastrous effect upon the country than would be involved in the destruction of business interests in the small towns, a result which would increase many fold the present tendency of migration toward the large cities, a tendency which is recognized as a menace to the best interests of the country as a whole and to the entire people. Property values in the country neighborhoods are to a great extent dependent upon the prosperity of the cities and towns in their vicinity and any innovation which would mean a greater concentration of wealth in the large cities and a further rush to the metropolis would tend to impoverish the country districts as well as to further depopulate them, and should be opposed with vigor and determination.

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All governments exist with the consent and for the good of the governed. It is the duty of the governed, as good citizens, to take an active interest in their government, to find out where it is weak and to rectify that weakness and make it wholesome and profitable for all concerned. In the republican National convention to be held next year, Alaska has been generously allowed six delegates, whose votes count for just as much in the nomination of a candidate for president, as those from any state. The Alaska convention to choose these six delegates, is to be held at Juneau Nov. 14th, and it is the duty of every republican who favors good government to attend the primary meetings that shall choose delegates to this convention.

"A half loaf is better than no loaf at all." Alaskans recognize this fact, and are thankful to congress for giving them the "half loaf" by allowing them one representative in congress. But the fact is Alaska should have two delegates in congress. From Dixon's Entrance to Mt. St. Elias is a section that should demand the undivided attention of one man at the National capital; that section west of St. Elias, the other. The interests of these two sections are not identical, and no one man can do justice to both sections. As the Sentinel has contended in years gone by, when Alaska is admitted to statehood, there should be two states, with Mt. St. Elias as the dividing line, and then we will have what we should have now—two representatives in congress.

Wall street, New York, is by no means the thermometer of American wealth and prosperity. When the soil refuses to respond to the plow and harrow; when the cattle and the hogs and the chickens become diseased and die; when the orchard pest blights the blossom, and the worm the vine; when the waters fail to give up their schools

of fish, and the mines cease to yield their treasures of minerals, then look out. The country can live without Wall street, but can Wall street live without the country?

Well, the nerves of the sporting fraternity of the country is back to the normal again. Gans, the "colored gentleman," proved too much for Britt, after the latter had broken his wrist on the "coon." This scientific mauling and pummeling of each other by men is simply in the line of the most barbarous brutality, and is setting an example to the rising generation of this country that will some day be regretted.

Strikes, riots and bloodshed are not confined to Uncle Sam's domain, these troublous times. Our Canadian cousins have been having a touch of it, brought about by the landing at Vancouver of too many Japanese, Chinese and Hindus—cheap labor hordes—to look good to the laboring white men. Several men were killed, and there is talk of indemnity by the Japanese consul.

Secretary Taft has spent some days in Seattle, and is now on his way to Manila, to open Filipino legislature. Wouldn't it have been a joke on the big secretary if he

had boarded a vessel for Juneau, instead of Manila? But then we Alaskans will have to be educated up to "American ideas" before we can hope to have a legislative session opened.

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